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## Original Communications.

### THE OPENING OF 1806.

NEVER was any nation more fond of glory than France. The tremendous price she has paid for it dwells not in her memory, and she is as ready as ever to run a new career,

"Though Reason frowns on War's unequal game,  
Where thousands bleed to raise a single name."

The engraving above, for which we are indebted to 'The History of Napoleon,'

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published by Willoughby and Co., of which some numbers corrected and improved are before us, is a portion of the grand spectacle prepared for the gratification of the Parisians on New Year's Day, 1806, but which we cannot at present further notice. The year which then closed had been fruitful of glory to both France and England. England had gained the great victory of Trafalgar, but had lost Nelson. France, though humbled on the sea, had been eminently successful on land. On the 1st of Decem-

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ber the combined armies of Austria and Russia met, "The Child and Champion of Jacobinism," as he was called by Pitt. He marked an error which they had committed, and predicted that before another sun should set, they would be in his power. The battle was fought on the 2nd. It presented on each side a display of most obstinate valour. At one time the Russians, under the Emperor Alexander and General Kutusoff, compelled the French to give way, but the timely arrival of Rapp, with a fresh body of cavalry, turned the tide of battle, and victory declared for France. Fifteen thousand men were left on the field, and twenty thousand more made prisoners. Soult drove a large division of the Russian army on a smooth space, covered with snow, which he knew to be a frozen lake. Then, instead of firing at the men, his cannon-balls were turned upon the ice, which, after some time, gave way, and the retreating army—men, horses, and guns—were involved "in one prodigious ruin." The result of this was, Prussia was compelled to abandon the neutrality she had till then professed, and declare for the victor; the Russians were permitted to return to their own country, and Austria, on the 26th of the same month, was compelled to accept of a peace, which took from her three millions of subjects and 1,600,000*l.* of annual revenue. These great achievements filled all France with joy, and the disaster of Trafalgar was forgotten. It was thereupon resolved "to give to the hero, who, by the prodigies he had performed, rendered eulogy impossible, a testimony of admiration, love, and gratitude, which should remain imperishable as his glory."

In consequence of this resolution, "On the 1st January, 1806, fifty-four flags given to the senate by the Emperor were conveyed to the Luxemburg by the tribunate in a body, followed by the authorities, with military music and a part of the garrison of Paris. The arch-chancellor and all the ministers were present at this sitting. The senate, presided over by the grand elector, signalized the reception of the glorious present which was about to decorate their palace, by decreeing, in the name of the French people:

"1st. That a triumphal monument should be consecrated to Napoleon the Great.

"2nd. That the senate in a body should go before his imperial and royal Majesty, and present him with the homage of the admiration, of the gratitude, and of the love of the French people.

"3d. That the letter of the Emperor to the senate, dated from Elchingen, the 26th Vendemiaire, year fourteen, should be engraved on marble tablets, and placed in the hall where the sittings of the senate were held.

"4th. That at the foot of this letter, should likewise be engraved the following:

"The forty flags, and fourteen others, added to the first by his majesty, have been brought to the senate by the Tribunate in a body, and deposited in this hall, on Wednesday the 1st January, 1806."

Did our limits admit, it would be desirable to trace the consequences of this magnificent scene. It would be found pregnant with the bitterest, most humiliating mortification for France. In 1814 they saw all their trophies triumphantly claimed by those they had been accustomed to vanquish.

In vain did the newly restored king intercede and call upon his allies to spare the treasures so dear to France. The sternly appropriate answer was, "By the chance of war they became yours—the chance of war now restores them to the nations you formerly plundered." Were this properly borne in mind, *young France* would be less eager to pursue the idol glory, in itself so deceitful and evanescent; in its results so often, in the history of all nations, the source of deep regret and inexpressible affliction.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS ON SCIENCE.

THE present age is fraught with discoveries which, if not so important to the public weal, are, in a scientific point of view, almost as interesting as at any period since the rescue of science from the absurd dogmas of the ancients by the Baconian system of philosophy.

There is, perhaps, no department of science from which so many interesting effects have been produced as that relating to the class of agents termed imponderable, viz., light, heat, and electricity. Their influence in almost every phenomenon of organized life is now being gradually developed, and the extraordinary connexion existing between them in all their operations appears to be fast leading the way to the solution of the long-sought problem, viz., whether we are to consider light, heat, and electricity as subtle and highly attenuated matter, emanating from the excited body, or the undulations of the often-quoted but unknown ether; or whether they are mere properties of matter more or less common to all bodies. Notwithstanding the high position of science at the present time, and the extensive research displayed by its numerous votaries, we are entirely at a loss to assign causes, except hypothetically. We have, it is true, an accumulation of facts, seeming to require only the keystone of the arch at once to raise the superstructure of a theory consonant with the economy and harmony of nature.

The effects produced by one or other of these agents, or perhaps, conjointly, of the whole, in arresting at one time, and promoting at others, the mutual action of inorganic bodies upon each other, has, within these few years, led to the discovery of many interesting results. In reference to light, the almost magical effects produced by its presence on certain chemically prepared surfaces, as in the photogenic, daguerreotype, calotype, and chrysotype processes, and more recently the thermotype or scototype. From the latter we may be almost led to infer that light exists, like heat, in two distinct states, the one sensible, the other latent, or perhaps the whole may be referable to certain electrical effects produced by its presence; for if magnetism is due to the dynamic action of electricity, and the experiments of Morichini and Mrs Somerville be correct, light may be employed in lieu of electricity in producing magnetism. If, then, we adopt the well-known axiom of not assigning a new cause for an effect, when a previous one will suffice, *ergo*, light and electricity are the same, or that the former is capable of eliciting the latter.

Many are inclined to consider that light, heat, and electricity are produced by the same cause under different modifications. Electricity appears (if not) identical with the former,—to be so intimately associated with them, that it is almost impossible to have the one in a state of activity without eliciting the other.

The effects produced by these agents in modifying and controlling the more obvious effects of matter, either chemically or mechanically, have given rise to several ingenious and valuable processes, the details of which will form the subject of a series of papers, in which the effects of light and electricity, and the applications arising from their actions, will be fully explained.

In our present article we shall endeavour to show the mode of applying electricity as a moving power for clocks.

#### BAIN AND BARWISE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CLOCKS.

The inventor of this and other important applications\* of electro-dynamic action (Mr Bain) was, by the assistance of Mr Barwise, the eminent chronometer maker, of St Martin's lane, enabled, in the month of Jan. 1841, to obtain a patent for his invention, and although up to the present moment little has been done in the way of their general introduction, yet the time may probably arrive when every public clock in this metropolis, if not "throughout England," will by this unerring mode be made to indicate the same time with

the one grand regulator placed, we will suppose, in the centre of London.

The merest tyro in electrical science is aware that if a current of voltaic electricity be made to circulate in a spiral direction round a bar of iron, that during its flow the two ends of the bar exhibit the usual effects of the permanent magnet, and, therefore, have a tendency to attract masses of iron or steel in their immediate vicinities; and furthermore, that this action ceases the instant the electric current is withdrawn, but which effect may be renewed as often as the current circulates.

This simple contrivance constitutes the moving power in the electro-magnetic clock, and as the electric current in its passage to the bar of iron may be made to pass through several miles of wire, and to act at the same time upon other bars of iron placed within and forming part of the circuit, it follows that several distant effects may, from the rapidity with which the electric current circulates, be produced at the same instant.

A clock is simply an instrument so contrived to mark, by the position of the hand upon the dial-plate, how many times a vibrating body, called the pendulum, passes to and fro in a given portion of time, and as the grand division of time is deduced from the motions of the heavenly bodies, we will assume it to be from the sun being on the meridian to-day, and its return to it on the morrow, embracing a portion of time called the solar day. Now, a vibrating body in London, whose length is 39·139 inches, would make 86·400 such vibrations in the 24 hours, or 60 every minute.\* Such a clock is said to mark mean time, and the vibrations made by the pendulum are termed isochronous, because equal spaces are described in equal times.

The pendulum is therefore the most important part of the clock, and if we could always insure its maintaining the same absolute length† for the latitude for which it was adjusted, then the difficulty would cease and all the clocks in the same latitude would indicate the same actual instant of time. This desirable end can only be obtained by employing the compensating pendulum, which from its costly nature is beyond the reach of the many. To remove this difficulty is the object of the present invention, for any system of clocks upon this principle would be synchronous in their action.

Two clocks of this description have been

\* This supposes the sun's motion to be equable, but the clock and the sun only agree four times a year.

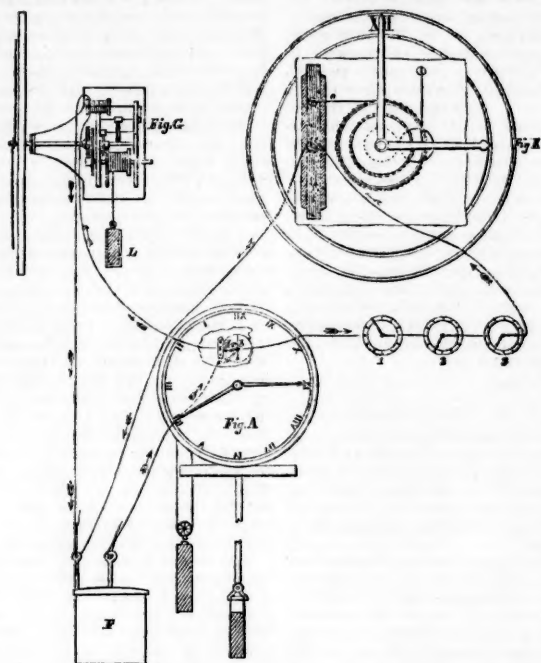
† Every variation of temperature causes a corresponding elongation or contraction of the pendulum rod.

\* Electro-magnetic printing telegraph, electro-magnetic deep-sea lead, &c. &c.

in action for some months past at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, one a large illuminated turret clock on the façade in Regent street, the other a bracket clock in the reading room of the Polytechnic Association in Cavendish square, the two being worked by the same power.

An explanation of the accompanying diagram will enable the reader to understand the mode of supplying the electrical current, and the mechanism employed.

Fig. A, is the one regulating clock provided with a compensating pendulum, and may therefore be considered as making



constantly the same number of vibrations in a given time. B is the point round which the seconds hand of the clock revolves, carrying at the same time a small projecting pin, C; from the position of D and C it is evident that once in every revolution, or every sixty vibrations or seconds, C and D must touch each other, and in touching they complete the circuit of wire commencing at the galvanic battery F, passing to the large clock G, round the smaller one K, returning back to the battery as shown by the direction of the arrows; through this wire, when C and D touch, the electricity of the battery passes. This flow of the current can only exist during the short interval that C and D are in contact, and as this occurs but once in each minute, so the clocks G and K are affected but once during that time.

The large clock is very similar in its general construction to any ordinary clock, saving the pendulum and the parts connected, which in these clocks is no longer necessary; in its stead we have an electro-magnet, which is a bar of iron, around which passes a portion of the circuit wire, and on the electricity being let on by the contact of C and D, the bar of iron becoming magnetic, and by its attractive power pulls forward a piece of iron I, which at the same instant detaches a stop, allowing the weight K (by its gravity and the cord wound round the barrel) to descend, as in the ordinary clock, moving the train of wheels, and consequently the hand through one minute on the dial plate, the whole is then inactive until the electric current again circulates for the instant through the wire.

The smaller clock (fig. K) is somewhat differently constructed, the electricity in this is made to deflect a coil of wire placed over a permanent magnet; this causes the stop O to move the large wheel, and by the usual train the hands are made to mark the minutes and hours simultaneously with the regulator A, and the large clock G. Figures 1, 2, 3 indicate the positions of other clocks worked by the same battery, which may amount to several thousands.

## B.

*Fuller's Earth.*—This formation, curious in a geological point of view, from the few places it is found in, is a soft, greyish-brown marl, generally with a greenish cast. The largest known deposit in the world is near Beigate, in Surrey, on the out crop of the green-sand formation. The present price obtained in London for it is 1*l.* per ton. Its component parts are—silica, 51·8; alumina, 25·0; lime, 3·3; magnesia, 0·7; oxide of iron, 3·7; water, 15·5; total, 100 parts. It is also occasionally found in Hampshire and Bedfordshire, on the green-sand out crop.

## HUMAN CURIOSITIES.

Two eccentric characters, long known at Nottingham, have lately "shuffled off this mortal coil." A passing notice of their peculiarities will not be unacceptable to those who like to contemplate the varieties of life, habits, and character, presented by our race.

"The Old General" was a character well known to every resident in Nottingham. His name was Benjamin Mayo. The *Nottingham Review* says, "He was humble and idiotic, but universally esteemed; esteemed, not on account of moral worth or the ordinary qualifications which ensure the regard of others,—but through certain recollections treasured up in the breast from youth upwards.

"The glory of 'Ben' was always at its meridian on Middleton Monday. To the school-boys in the town it has invariably been almost a general holiday; and though the 'General' was great on all occasions, he was especially so then, for, compared to him, the mayor, the coroner, and the municipal authorities, were subordinate officers in the estimation of the youthful tribes. Previous to the Middleton jury commencing the annual survey of the liberties of the town, away trotted the 'General,' with several hundreds of boys at his heels, to secure the sacred and inviolable right of a holiday. Two or three urchins, with shining, morning faces, led the way to their own schoolmaster, who, in violation of 'the orders of the day,' was seated amidst the few children whose parents refused to grant a holiday, and therefore dared not to 'play truant.' Some 'devoted Decius'

in miniature, would then venture in, on the forlorn hope of procuring liberty for the rest. Down would drop books, pens, and pencils, to the cry of 'Out, out, out!' The commander-in-chief would arrive, amidst the cheers of his enthusiastic and devoted troops, would take up his position opposite to the door, and command the onset. The advanced guard would assail the portal with redoubled blows of their pocket-handkerchiefs, and old rope-ends, knotted into *tommies*, and the main body of the belligerents would throw mud. Ere long, not unfrequently a random stone would break some window; a second and perhaps a third crash would succeed; the master sallies out to seize the culprit, his sentinels are overpowered, the invaders rush in, the besieged are unmercifully belaboured till the capitulation is completed, but no sooner do they join the 'liberating army,' than a shout of triumph is raised, and the place is abandoned. The aide-de-camps would then report to the 'General,' what other fortresses held out, and the nearest of them would be attacked in the same way. It often happened that a parley was demanded, and the 'General' shamelessly received a bribe to desist. Alas! that one so devoted to the cause of liberty should have been so easily corrupted—twopence would induce the commander-in-chief to withdraw, with his faithful followers, of fickle principle, and leave the anxious garrison to the uncontrolled power of its wily governor.

"By eleven o'clock, the 'General,' with his forces, would have drawn up in front of the Castle lodge, and have demanded admittance into the Castle yard—a summons always evaded by the distribution of a quantity of cakes, buns, and gingerbread. On the General's word of command, the precious sweets were thrown, one by one, over the gate, and the confusion of an universal scramble ensued. After the whole was distributed, the popularity of the General rapidly waned; hundreds were reduced to scores, and scores to ones—at noon he generally was

'Deserted in his utmost need  
By those his former bounty fed.'

In memory, however, of his departed greatness, he never deigned to work for the rest of the day.

"Before the approach of Middleton Monday, fifty times a day the important question would be put to the General, 'When will be Middleton Monday?' Once he replied, 'I don't know yet, the mayor hasn't ax'd me what day'll suit me.' On the following Saturday he answered, 'The mayor sent his respects to know if I'd let it be Middleton Monday next week; and I sent my respects, and I'd come.'

"His vestment generally consisted of the 'hadden grey' uniform of the pauper, but



latterly, when in public, he wore a scarlet coat, with military epaulettes; his shirt collar was usually unbuttoned, and displayed his copper-coloured bosom.

"Like other military gentlemen, the 'General' was a favourite with the ladies, inasmuch as he was known equally to high and low, and made promises to all indiscriminately (who pleased him) that he would marry them 'next Sunday morning'; at the same time, he was accustomed to caution the favoured fair not to be later than half-past seven, 'for fear somebody else should get him.'

"Of the many anecdotes related of the 'General,' the following authentic ones will display the union of shrewdness and simplicity common to persons of the order of intelligence which he possessed.—On a certain occasion, when public attention was directed towards the late Duke of York, one evening, in the twilight, Ben began, 'Here's the grand and noble speech as the Duke of York made yesterday.' A person, who had heard nothing of such a speech, immediately purchased one, and on approaching a window, found himself possessed of a piece of blank paper. 'General,' said he, 'here's nothing on it.' 'No, sir, the Duke of York said *nowt*.'—Being set, at the workhouse, to turn a wheel, he did so properly enough for about half an hour, but becoming tired, he immediately began to turn backwards, nor could he be persuaded to the contrary.—He was once observed to run about the streets, shouting in a breathless manner, 'They've got me in, dead! They've got me in, dead!'—at the same time pointing with his finger to a particular passage in a newspaper he held, stating the General was dead, meaning some personage in the army.—A blockhead tried to make him quarrel with an idiot lad, as they were employed in sweeping the street together; 'Oh!' said he, 'he is a poor soft lad, and beneath my notice.' There is a strong instance of his dislike of work: having been set to weed part of a garden, he performed the task by pulling up all the flowers and herbs, and leaving the weeds growing.—He once found a sixpence, and ran up the street shouting 'Who's lost a sixpence, who's lost a sixpence?' 'It's mine, General,' said one. 'But had your's a hole in it?' 'Yes,' said he. 'But this hasn't,' rejoined the General, and away he ran."

An accidental fall in the workhouse, a fortnight back, caused his death, and the coroner's inquest found accordingly.

The *Nottingham Review* adds, to "the account of the fall of the General," that a London merchant, with all the interest that belongs to early associations, has sent a subscription of a guinea to perpetuate Ben Mayo's memory. This suggestion seems likely to be acted upon. The Lon-

don merchant was probably in the *glass* line, and is animated by gratitude, as well as "the interest which belongs to early association," in wishing to perpetuate the window-breaker's memory, of course by a *stone*.

The other oddity deceased was a person named William Asher, aged sixty-six years, who fell while wheeling coals, and never spoke more. Knowing he could get a barrow load of coal a halfpenny cheaper two miles off than he could in his own village, he went all that distance with the barrow, but, on returning, the exertion was too much for a man of his years, and he fell upon the snow and shortly after died, about the 15th or 20th of last month. It had been known to the neighbours for some time, that "Old Billy Asher" had saved money, and was possessed of landed property. His father had kept an inn at the house Asher lived in, which belonged to deceased, with two or three cottages, and about twelve acres of land. But it was well known he must have accumulated money, from receiving rents and spending none,—and, as he lived by himself, and would allow scarcely any one to come into the house, on any pretence, they were very glad to have an opportunity of satisfying their curiosity. The body was conveyed to his house, and ere it was well cold, the neighbours commenced a search for his valuables, but could find nothing. The nearest relations applied to Mr Samuel Maples, solicitor, of this town, and he proceeded to inspect the premises. He searched every room, leaving no hole or corner unmolested, and the result was, the finding property, which had escaped the throng. In a beam in a low cellar, artfully grooved out, he found a beautiful large silver tankard; in the mouth of a malt mill, adjoining his house, he found a silver watch; crammed in a hole, under the house cupboard shelf was a sovereign, wrapped in a bit of rag; in the bedstead, which the villagers had forgotten to pull from the wall, he found two 5*l*. notes, a ring, silver spoons, a great quantity of pewter plate, two receipts from Wright's bank for 75*0l*. and 615*l*., several pounds weight of farthings, and a great variety of other property. On the dresser of the lower room, where he slept ever since an attempt to rob his house some time ago, was chalked the figure of a key, and "Look among the rushes" beside it. There was a quantity of rushes on the stairs, and amongst these rushes was found a key which unlocked the top room, in which was a chest filled with deeds, papers, &c. relating to his property. It is a proof how little he allowed any one to come into his house, that no one knew he was in the habit of chalking thus on the dresser, but it appears he wished the key to be found

if he died suddenly in bed, or while out, which has been the case.

In a number of drawers, which were unlocked, were vast quantities of written slips of paper, memorandums, bills, &c., which fully proved the eccentricity of his character. One of these was a memorandum of having paid a bill of *one halfpenny* to a Mr Freeman, for putting twenty-eight nails in one shoe, and so many in the other as it required, mentioning the number. Another was a memorandum that he had promised Mr — some keep, when he bought the last hay of him (Asher). A third was a memorandum of three men being seen in his yard on such a night, no doubt intending to steal. A fourth was, that his rope in the hay-weighers weighed eight ounces, showing himself particular to even an ounce. A fifth was a snatch of poetry. A sixth was a promise of some person to give him an equivalent in the next bargain they had together, for something he had lost. Books of accounts (from the year 1784), receipts for petty bills in copper, and numerous other writings filled up the drawers. He had a list by him of what each drawer contained, even an old tooth-brush without any hairs, a bit of soap, &c., being put down. He mended his own clothes, cooked his own victuals, and did all the household work.

Every house that he let he took a list of the broken panes before letting and after letting, and had even counted the number of holes in the malt-kiln floor, which were put down on paper as 84,240, with the day they were counted. But the greatest proof of his desire to get money was in his hay dealings; by keeping hay for a long time, some years ago, he made 600*l.* profit in one year, owing to a scarcity, and deeming that such times would come again, he kept his stacks till his death, and could not be prevailed upon to sell them. He had one or two more than ten years old, and the coachmen as they passed, years ago, would point out old Billy Asher's stacks by the road side, and relate their age and the character of their owner, to the passengers.

Nearly the whole of the deceased's writings were on the backs of old printed handbills and placards, to save the expense of buying paper, and his way of making almanacks was most ingenious. He wrote in the margin of an old book the days and dates they fell on, making each page serve for one month, and this he carried on for thirty years, to save the expense of almanacks. One book had five years in it, and he had even got as far as April, 1843, in constructing his last, when death closed his career.

People often told him he was rich, and threatened to come and rob him, in joke, but he always denied that he had any

money, saying he was poor, and not worth robbing. Everything he had in his house had particular marks on them, and these marks he copied on to slips of paper, so that he might swear to them when recovered. Every tin pan, kettle, stool, &c. was marked and enrolled in his documents. He was wont to put down even the loss of a nail off his field gate, and the date it was taken. One of his bills was—"Paid 2*d.* for mending my spectacles—twenty days after, they came in two very easily."

It is said his property altogether is worth about three thousand pounds.

#### ORIGIN OF THE NOBLE HOUSE OF SHAFTESBURY—(concluded.)

Lord Shaftesbury actively promoted the declaration for liberty of conscience. It is generally believed that he had no part in the negotiation with Louis XIV, the object of which was to make Charles the French King's pensioner. He favoured the Dutch war, and is said to have advised the issuing of writs for the election of members of Parliament during a recess, and to have used the influence of the Crown to procure returns in favour of the Court.

He had filled the situation of Lord Chancellor a year, when he opposed the principles which had then been adopted by the Stuart family. This brought upon him the hatred of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, who had the ear of the King. The consequence was, in November 1673, his Majesty sent for his lordship to Whitehall, and took from him the Great Seal. At the same time he was dismissed from the post of under-treasurer to the Exchequer, which place was conferred on Sir John Duncombe in the afternoon of the same day. The Earl was visited by Prince Rupert and other distinguished personages, when they gave honourable testimonials of their admiration of his upright conduct in the high situation which he had lately filled. He bore this reverse with great equanimity, and is said to have lost none of his cheerfulness on the occasion.

The changes which he had seen having thrown him into the ranks of opposite factions, he was viewed as a restless intriguer, nor was it remembered that from the first he had laboured for peace, to give others security as well as himself. He was represented to be hostile to the King, but the truth was, he was in advance of the age, and clearly saw those peculiarities in the successor of Charles, which, at a future day caused the nation to throw him off for ever. He sought to avoid the evils which he dreaded from the accession of James, Duke of York, and therefore wished the Duke of Monmouth to be declared next in succession. To accomplish this object he

was said to be ready to run all risks. A pamphlet of the time gives the following anecdote of him:—

"The Earl of Shaftesbury, having received, or pretended to receive a letter in an unknown hand, bustled away to court, 'as fast as his legs, man, and stick would carry him.' The Duke of Monmouth, who was supposed to be privy to the search, being asked by the Lord Chamberlain what this great affair was, answered, with a modest air of self-denial, that it was something concerning himself, in which Lord S., as usual, took a deeper interest than he desired. Meantime Shaftesbury, applying for admittance to the King's presence, was told by the lord in waiting (Feversham), that as he heard he had business of importance, he would conduct him to his Majesty. 'The busy Earl told him he was willing to be conducted by so honest a man as his lordship, drolling, and thinking himself guilty of a shrewd irony.' Being introduced, he produced his letter; and the plan, for securing the peace and religion of the nation, turned out to be a proposal for settling the crown upon the Duke of Monmouth. The King said, he wondered that, after so many declarations on the contrary, he should still be pressed on that subject; adding, that he was none of those that grew more timorous with age, but that, rather, he grew more resolute the nearer he approached the grave. Upon the earl's expressing himself mightily concerned to hear such a word, the King said, he might assure himself that he was as careful of his own preservation as any of those persons could be who affected so much concern for his personal safety, but that he would much sooner lose his life than alter the true succession to the crown, which was repugnant both to law and conscience. 'For that matter,' replied the Earl, 'let us alone, we will make a law for it.' To which the King replied, 'if this is your conscience, my lord, it is not mine, and much as I regard my life, I don't think it of sufficient value, after fifty, to be preserved with the forfeiture of my honour, conscience, and the laws of the land.'"

However anxious his lordship might be to alter the succession, it is not probable that he would speak so lightly of the law in presence of his sovereign, that sovereign whom he had offended by his not very unconstitutional declaration that a prerogative for fifteen months was equal to a dissolution.

His conduct having rendered him obnoxious to all who sided with the Duke of York, on the 16th February, 1676, he was sent to the Tower by order of the House of Lords, for an alleged contempt. The Earl of Salisbury and Lord Wharton were committed at the same time. He held the

proceedings to be illegal, and on the 27th and 29th of January, 1677, he caused himself to be brought on the return of an *alias habeas corpus*, directed to the constable of the Tower, when his counsel prayed that the return might be filed. The Friday following was appointed for debating the sufficiency thereof, and his lordship was remanded till that day. On the Friday he appeared and spoke for it, but his arguments proved of no avail. The judges decided against him, and he was sent back to the Tower. In the following month he made his submission to their Lordships, and petitioned to be released, but his petition was rejected. He made a more submissive appeal, which being considered, their Lordships resolved that it was a breach of the privileges of that House, for any lord committed by the House to bring an Habeas Corpus in any inferior court, to free himself from that imprisonment during the session of Parliament. The Earl was in consequence brought from the Tower, and kneeling at the bar, heard the resolution which the House had adopted read. His lordship acquiesced in the resolution, and apologised for the error into which he had fallen, and asked pardon of their Lordships. This satisfied the House; they addressed the King in his behalf, who ordered his lordship to be discharged.

As a friend to civil and religious liberty he had distinguished himself, and especially by the exertions which he made to pass the Habeas Corpus Act. He promoted, if he did not originate, the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the succession to the throne. To him is imputed the Papist plot in 1678, which, if it were not a scheme of his own, received at the time his most strenuous support, and led to the overthrow of Lord Danby's administration.

The Earl was now named President of the Privy Council, and pursued those accused of being parties to the plot with severity. He in consequence became an object of hatred with parties who favoured the accused. Lady Powis was said to have offered one Dangerfield 500*l.* to accomplish his assassination, and actually to have paid 20*l.* on account, but accident prevented the execution of the deed. His biographer writes:—

"One day Dame Cellier demanded of him whether he had dispatched the aforesaid earl, and he replying that he could have no opportunity to come at him; 'Give me the poniard,' says she, 'you shall see what a woman can do for the Catholic cause.' And accordingly, by the instigation of the devil, and a hellish rage, which the Papists miscall a holy zeal, she addressed herself to the execution of that execrable design. She makes a



visit to the earl, under pretence of paying her thanks for favours obtained through his means; but the consecrated dagger still lurked under the skirt of her gown, ready to have expressed her gratitude by opening the veins of this Protestant peer's heart. He had no reason to be over fond of the conversation of such cattle, and therefore in short time she was dismissed without having an opportunity of putting her felonious and treacherous design in execution."

He was applied to by a man who said he could make important discoveries relating to the Popish plot, and the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, provided that he might be requited with a free pardon. The man being taken before the Privy Council, instead of giving the expected information, accused his lordship of endeavouring to suborn him. His lordship, on this information, appears to have been apprehended on the 2nd July, 1681, and after an examination by the King in council, committed to the Tower. There he remained four months, though he took every legal means to get himself brought to trial or admitted to bail, according to the principles of the Habeas Corpus Act. On the 24th of October a bill was presented to the grand jury in the Old Bailey against his lordship for high treason, but the witnesses brought against him were so infamous that no credit could be given to the evidence they offered. The bill was thrown out, and the defeat of his enemies was a subject of great rejoicing among the people. A medal was struck on the occasion in honour of his triumph. This produced a bitter satirical poem from the pen of Dry-

den, who had previously attacked him in his 'Absolom and Achitophel.' In this celebrated performance his lordship was assailed in very good company; but the poet paid a tribute to the importance of the noble Earl by the measureless rancour of his verses. He declares "his name to be to all succeeding ages curst," and describes him to be

"A daring pilot in extremity;  
Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high  
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,  
Would steer too nigh the sands, to boast his wit.  
Great wits are sure to madness near allied;  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;  
Else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,  
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?  
Punish a body which he could not please;  
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?  
And all to leave, what with his toil he won,  
To that unfeather'd, two-legg'd thing, a son."

Hateful, however, as Dryden makes him appear, in conclusion he eulogises his merit as a lawyer, and says of his lordship—

"Yet, fame deserv'd, no enemy can grudge,  
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge."

Such praise could not be other than merited.

After the Earl regained his liberty, his health and spirits declined. He had, up to that period, resided in Thanet house, Aldersgate street, but was now induced to visit Holland, in the hope of regaining his strength. He proceeded thither in November, 1682, and in the following January died at Amsterdam. His body was embalmed, brought to England, and buried with his ancestors at Wimborne, St Giles's. His lordship had been three times married. An only son survived him, who succeeded to his title.



The arms of the Earl of Munster are those of King William the Fourth (without the escutcheon of the arch treasury of the H. R. empire, and without the crown of Hanover), debased by a bar sinister azure, charged with three anchors or. Crest on a chapeau gules doubled ermine, a lion statant gardant, crowned with a ducal coronet crest or, and gorged with a collar azure charged with three anchors or.

#### GEORGE, EARL OF MUNSTER,

Born January 29, 1794, was the eldest son of King William the Fourth by the celebrated actress, Mrs Jordan. He was named

after George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, who always regarded him as his protégé. He was educated at Dr Moore's school, at Sunbury, and at the Royal Mil-

tary College, Marlow. On reaching the age of thirteen he was appointed Cornet in the Prince of Wales's regiment of Hussars. In 1808 he served with his regiment in the Peninsula, where he greatly distinguished himself at Fuentes Onores, but being wounded and his horse houghed under him, he was made prisoner. He, however, noticed that several French hussars fell dead around him, and without being hit, he also fell, and remained on the ground apparently lifeless, till, in the confusion which ensued, he found an opportunity for getting away. He was promoted on his return to England, but in 1814 he was again at the seat of war, and was severely wounded at Toulouse in leading a charge against the enemy's cavalry.

Having exchanged from the 10th Hussars into the 20th Light Dragoons, in January, 1815, he sailed for India, where he became Aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Hastings. At the conclusion of the peace with Scinde he was selected to carry home overland the despatches, and reached England in June, 1818. In March, 1822, he was appointed to a troop in the 14th Light Dragoons, and in 1824 to an unattached Lieutenant-Colonelcy. On the 12th of May, 1830, he was raised to the Peerage by the titles above-mentioned; his surviving brothers and sisters (not already of higher rank) at the same time receiving the precedence of the younger children of a Marquis. The title of Earl of Munster had been borne by his Royal father when Duke of Clarence, and was generally used as his travelling name on the Continent.

In the brevet which followed the birth of the Prince of Wales, the Earl of Munster received the rank of Major-General, November 23, 1841. He was appointed to command the troops in the western district of England, and was to have commenced his residence in garrison at Plymouth on the 15th of last April, but unhappily his health declined, and his reason failed. In the month of March his medical attendants pronounced his sanity to be seriously affected. Their report was too well borne out, for shortly after their opinion had been declared his Lordship, being left alone, put an end to his life with a pistol. He was buried in the parish church of Hampton, March 31, 1842.

The Earl married October 18, 1819, Mary Wyndham, a daughter of the late Earl of Egremont, and sister to Col. Wyndham, M.P. for West Sussex. He had issue by that lady, who survives him, three sons and three daughters. William George, now Earl of Munster, was born in 1824.

The late Earl was elected President of the Royal Asiatic Society in May, 1841. He was a patron of literature, wrote many

important papers, and took a leading part in founding the "Oriental Translation Fund."

#### ANECDOTES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN the volumes just published of this monarch's life we find the following:—

**COMMONERS NOT GOOD OFFICERS.**—"I know not how it is," said the king one day at table, "that commoners are not good for much as officers, even though I ennoble them."—"Begging your majesty's pardon," replied one of the company, "we have in the army the brave Colonel R., who could prove the very reverse." The king appeared to bethink himself, repeated the colonel's name several times, and at length said: "But I'll tell you what; I know better than you; Colonel R. is of an old noble family." This was not the case; but here we see with what pertinacity the king would defend a position which he had once taken up.

**A CHEAT SCREENED.**—In August, 1761, when the king had taken post with his army in the vicinity of Schweidnitz, orders were given to throw up a redoubt in the churchyard of the village of Jauernick; and a great number of men belonging to different regiments were sent to work at it, under the superintendence of one officer. In turning up the earth the men found an old pot. Pulling it out very carelessly, they broke it at the top, and perceived that it contained money. They were ready to seize it, when the officer drove them away, and took charge of the pot himself, saying that the money which was in it should be fairly divided among them when they were relieved. The men were content. The pot was deposited in the church porch. The officer retired, pulled off his stockings, put on his boots over his bare feet, poured the money out of the pot unobserved, put his stockings at the bottom of it, and covered them with a small quantity of the pieces of coin. As soon as the men were relieved they demanded the pot of the officer, who immediately produced it, poured out the money, and showed them that so far from containing nothing else, it was partly filled with old rags. The soldiers loudly declared that they were cheated, which provoked the officer to threaten them with his cane. Just at that moment the king arrived to inspect the redoubt. He inquired what was the matter, the soldiers related the whole affair, and the king desired to see the money and the rags in question. An old grenadier had the latter in his hand. "Your majesty," said he, "these are not old rags, but a pair of worsted stockings, with

a name upon them." At the same time he showed them to the king, who distinctly perceived the name with which they were marked. The king ordered the officer to be called, and asked what was his name. The officer mentioned the same that was on the stockings. "Well, then," said his majesty, "it is clear that the money belongs to you. Your ancestors must have buried it here. There is the name upon the stocking as fresh as if it was only just put into the pot. I'll tell you what, my lads," said he, turning to the soldiers, "let the officer keep his money; I will have the pot filled with two-groschen pieces, and these shall be equally divided among all that are here. Are you satisfied?"—"O yes, your majesty," was the unanimous reply: and well they might be, for the coins in the pot were old, small, and partly copper. By this expedient the king extricated the officer from the dilemma in which he had involved himself, and left him mute and covered with shame.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—On one occasion, when the king had been displeased with an officer, and was about to strike him with his cane, the officer escaped at full gallop, the king pursued him in vain. The officer requested his dismission from his commander, "The gallant General W.," who entreated a short delay. In the mean time, the king had that day a large company to dinner. The conversation turned on the manoeuvre. Frederick ascribed the success of the second experiment to the admirable direction which the general's regiment had given to the whole, and bestowed the highest praise both upon it and its commander. The general was of course highly gratified, but observed, with his usual fearlessness, "That capital manoeuvre deprives my regiment of its best officer."—"How so?" asked the king eagerly. "Lieutenant M., whom your majesty promoted from private hussar to officer on the field of battle, after the affair of Burkersdorf, solicits his dismission." The general paused. Frederick was silent for some moments. He then asked—"Is the lieutenant really such an excellent officer?"—"I know not one who surpasses him."—"Why does he desire his dismission?" The general explained the cause in the most unreserved manner. The king said no more, and a new subject of conversation was presently started. The troops were to manoeuvre again on the following morning. The regiments were drawn up, and M. was in front of his division when the king approached. "Is not your name M.?" inquired Frederick. The lieutenant replied in the affirmative. "Hark you, my son," resumed the king, with his peculiar benignity, "you are captain. I would have told you so yesterday, but could not over-

take you. You ride like the very devil." With these words he passed on.

A PEASANT A MATCH FOR A KING.—During the circulation of the base money, a great quantity of which consisted of pieces of six pfennings, the soldiers, the workmen, part of the salaries of the civil and military officers, were paid in this money, but it was not received at the royal treasury. One day, as Frederick was passing the door of a baker, he saw him disputing with a countryman. He inquired the reason, and was told that the baker insisted on paying the man for his corn in six pfennig pieces, which the countryman refused to take. Frederick stepped up to the man. "Why will you not take the money?" he asked. The peasant, looking hard at the king, peevishly replied: "Wouldst thou take it thyself?" The king said no more, but passed on.

FREDERICK'S TREATMENT OF CONDEMNED CRIMINALS.—If Frederick wished capital punishment to be inflicted without unnecessary torture, he was equally solicitous that its effects should not be weakened. He could not overlook the mischief likely to result from the officious zeal of certain clergymen for the conversion of criminals under sentence of death; from the self-complacent commendations of the process by which men who all their lives had been steeped, body and soul, in crime, were suddenly transformed, as it was blazoned abroad, under the operation of divine grace, into patterns of piety and heirs of assured salvation; and from the practice of accompanying malefactors, as it were in triumphal procession, to the place of execution. The baneful effects of such exhibitions on the imagination of unlightened persons must be self-evident. The king, therefore, ordered that criminals should be conducted to execution untended by clergymen and without the singing of hymns. The wisdom of this innovation, which at first incurred severe censure, and was ascribed to the irreligious spirit of the king, was in the sequel universally acknowledged.

CLERICAL TRICKERY.—Nothing excited in the king greater indignation than religious frauds. On one of his journeys in Silesia, he was informed, before he reached Breslau, that the Capuchins were selling agnus deis at six kreutzers each to the credulous country-people, as a specific against a disease then prevailing among the cattle in that province. They were directed to mix them up with the fodder of the beasts, which would be sure to recover. Indignant at this imposition, the king sent, on the very same evening that he arrived at Breslau, for the three superiors of the Capuchin convent there, and received them with one of his most withering looks, and

this apostrophe: "Ah, you Shakers, how dare you presume to sell to the country people for a trifle that which in your religion is accounted the most venerable and the most sacred? Nay, more—you sell it to be eaten by cattle! Along with this impiety you have the effrontery to assure the bigoted peasants that this representation of your God is an infallible remedy for the distemper among the cattle. Shakers you, are ye not afraid that all the world will set you down for the miserable hypocrites ye really are? But what do you do with the money, you who want for nothing, but are abundantly supplied with alms for your support by your credulous people?—buy ribbons, perhaps, for your concubines?" Here one of the Capuchins would have spoken, probably to rebut the charge, but Frederick, with flashing eyes, cried, "Silence! If it is not you, it is your religious, or rather their religious and impious monks under your authority. They do it, I know. If you know it, you are guilty; if you know it not, you are equally so. I ought to put a stop to the public scandal by punishing you, but this time I will spare you. But, beware! Depend upon it you shall be narrowly watched; and woe betide you if anything of the kind should happen again! I would have all your beards shaved off. Now march!" Trembling beneath the lightnings of the king's eye and the thunder of this harangue, the Capuchins retired, and they were prudent enough not to repeat the offence.

A SINGULAR EQUIVOQUE.—When his sister, the Duchess of Brunswick, was at Berlin, Frederick one day made a present to Count Schwerin, his grand equerry, of a snuff-box, on the lid of which was painted an ass. No sooner had the count quitted the king than he sent his valet to Berlin with the box, and directions to get the ass taken off, and the king's portrait put in its place. Next day, at dinner, the count affected to leave his box carelessly on the table, and the king, who wished to amuse the duchess at the expense of the grand equerry, spoke of the box which he had given to him. The duchess asked to see it. The box was handed to her; she opened it, and exclaimed, "Bless me, what a likeness! the resemblance is perfect! Upon my word, brother, this is one of the best portraits of you I have ever seen." The king was quite disconcerted, and thought that the joke was carried too far. The duchess handed the box to her next neighbour, and it was passed from one to another round the table, every one joining in admiration of the resemblance. The king knew not what to think of the matter, till the box, coming at length under his inspection, he discovered the trick, and joined in the laugh.

HARD NAMES.—An old nobleman once solicited permission, in compliance with the will of a lady who had left him a large fortune, to add her name to his own. "The man has a name already," replied Frederick; "what does he want with two?" General Zarembo had a long Polish name. The king had heard of it, and one day said to him:—"What is your proper name, Zarembo?" The general repeated it at full length.—"Why," exclaimed Frederick, "the devil himself has not got such a name!"—"No, your majesty," replied Zarembo drily, "but then he does not belong to my family."

#### ART UNIONS.

When Imbecility assumes the pen,  
To school the morals and the acts of men,  
And in the language of an age of cant,  
Pretends with generous zeal for art to pant;  
Can Honesty the drivelling fool exempt,  
From censure, though he merit but contempt?

What can that fussy poor old lady know,  
Who prates of "Lottery" and of "Little-go?"  
What if from triflers or from sots we win,  
Crowns that would else be spent on cards or gin,

To buy a picture? Shall we understand  
Such outlay needs must "sadden all the land,"  
If thus a painting or a print we call,  
To deck what else would be a dreary wall,  
Can this make humble men from honour start,  
Offend the taste or vitiate the heart?

Hence then the rubbish that an honest scheme  
Denounces as a sordid trickster's dream!  
To make a market for the artist's work  
Might shock a savage or outrage a Turk,  
Not Englishmen, who boast refinement known,

Even from the lonely cottage to the throne.  
The useful project cleverly devised,  
Howe'er by mean hypocrisy despised,  
Shall still, though ridiculed by critic lout,  
Be nobly patronized and carried out.  
While the defeated slanderer, standing by,  
Deplores the failure of his weekly lie,  
Condemning lotteries some art-unions wish  
Identified with former pranks of Bish.  
But mark this variance, those who urge them make

No paltry gain from th' adventurer's stake,  
All that he offers in the cause of trade,  
Is honourably to the artist paid.  
Unfortunately, he something still may choose;  
"Heads" he may win, but "tails" he cannot lose;

Hence with the folly that would laud the dead,  
But yet withhold from living genius bread.  
Those who such "Little-goes" would fain enthrall,

Wish painters of the day "no go" at all.  
Let then art-unions' friends feel not ashamed  
Because they're Little-goes or lotteries named.  
"That which we call a Rose," and deem a treat,  
"By any other name would smell as sweet."

## RICHARD CARLILE.

MR CARLILE, the well known writer, died on Friday last. It will be remembered he some twenty years ago made himself very conspicuous by publishing the works of Paine. Being prosecuted for doing so, in Court he put the obnoxious works in as part of his defence, and Judge and Jury had to listen to the reading of the whole, which occupied many hours. The fatigue was enormous to the Court, as however vigorous his mind, Carlile was anything but an animated reader. He was convicted and suffered a long imprisonment. At one period he exhibited uncouth effigies representing a Bishop and the Devil in his windows in Fleet street. Latterly his opinions seemed to have undergone some change, and he treated the Scriptures with respect before denied. He had the misfortune to be associated with a person called the Rev. Robert Taylor and a crowd of female lecturers and free-thinking spouters. With Taylor he had a dreadful quarrel, in which the former received a blow. He gave the following account of it in verse—we must not say poetry—in a little publication called 'The Scourge.'

## BOBBY THE JESTER'S VAGARIES.

TUNE—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

Oh ! what a row there's been of late,  
Betwixt two public men so great,  
Carlile has broken Taylor's pate,

The pate of Bobby the Jester.

Though *always crackt*, the reverend Bob,  
Had ne'er before a broken nob ;  
He roar'd just like a blubbering boy,  
Amusing all the people nigh ;

His "*darling wife*," in all her charms,  
He press'd within his trembling arms,  
And planted on her lips, in swarms,

The kisses of Bobby the Jester.

He goes on to tell that Taylor resorted to a police office, and incidentally mentions that his reverend friend had married a charmer of sixty-two.

There he harangued about his "*love*!"

His "*dear*!" his "*sweet*!" his "*turtle dove*!"

Said, when she saw his ear had bled,

She on her bosom nurs'd his head,—

Kiss'd from his cheek the dropping tear,  
Declared she thought he'd die with fear,  
And she no little Bobs could rear—

For want of Bobby the Jester.

"Come, come," exclaim'd the magistrate,

"No silly nonsense here relate,

"But tell us of your broken pate,

"You silly Bobby the Jester."

At this Bob bristled up in wrath,

Snatch'd up the book to take an oath ;—

"But hold awhile," defendant cried,

"Your love of truth shall now be tried ;

"Full well 'tis known to every friend,

"An oath your conscience cannot bind,

"Unless you've lately chang'd your mind."

"I have!" said Bobby the Jester.

His oath being ta'en, without delay,

He said all that he had to say,

Defendant had three pounds to pay,

For thrashing Bobby the Jester.

This specimen will suffice to prove that Carlile was not a very powerful satirist, at least in rhyme. He is represented to have been latterly in moderate circumstances, and to have died applauding himself for struggles made in the cause of truth. His body, by his own request, was made the subject of an anatomical lecture by Mr Grainger, on Tuesday.

## THE RELICS OF LONDON.

## NO. IX.—THE TOWER.

AVAUNT, gloomy spectres ! away, dismal apparitions ! the days of the Richards and the Edwards are gone, and the Tower of London is no longer a prison of state. Its dungeons are thrown open, its cells are empty ; the gaoler and the torturer have long since left it ; the drawbridge is down, the gates stand back, the portcullis is raised, and the Tower has passed from a prison to a garrison. Yet, as I look upon those gloomy walls, and whisper with a shudder of awe and terror, "that is the Bloody Tower," "that is the Traitor's gate," these terrible appellations conjure up gory skeletons, and my imagination roams back to the days of yore. As I look upon those rugged walls, fancy can picture the attacks which they have withstood ; a glance at the heavy and nail-studded doors is accompanied by the reflection that those massive portals have often closed upon some unhappy prisoner, separating him for ever from the world and hope ; the narrow windows remind me of the captives whose hearts were, perhaps, for a moment cheered by the ray of sunshine that struggled through their apertures. Reflection goes thus far—fancy succeeds ; and then, methinks, I can see the hapless infants struggling in the murderous grasp of their uncle's minions ; I can see, "in my mind's eye," the glittering axe falling upon the snowy neck of the discarded Anne, or the pious Jane ; I can picture such scenes and such horrors as make my blood run cold and cause me to start with terror at the visions I have conjured up. And then, perchance, a hissing steam-boat passes down the river, and destroys my dismal but interesting speculations, reminding me that the captive has long ceased to pine, and blood to flow, within the Tower.

A city within a city is the Tower of London, with its streets and lanes, its taverns and its shops ;—and only such a city, in extent at least, once was that of which it now forms but a portion. A dismal place,



too, is the Tower; its walls are so sombre and so gloomy,—they tell such tales of blood and horror,—they speak so intelligibly of murder and captivity, that all the ghost stories of our childish years are at once brought to our recollection. It is a wide field for the imagination of the poet or the novelist to roam in, for every inch of ground reminds us of a tragedy—a *real* tragedy, as many of the actors knew full well to their pain and cost; every stone suggests a tale of horror, and the history of some deed of darkness clings to every fragment. Here a wretched prisoner has beguiled his time in tracing characters upon the wall—there a young life, budding forth in hope and promise, has been abruptly closed by the hand of the executioner; this dungeon was the prison of persecuted innocence—that spot the lowly grave of towering ambition. A long history of tyranny, cruelty, and murder do those same gloomy walls record; scenes of bloodshed have they witnessed sufficient to make them, stone as they are, tremble to their foundations; and now they stand frowning as angrily as when they echoed the shrieks of the tortured or the moans of the captive. But their gloominess is out of place, for they, of all the neighbourhood, are the only vestiges of the barbarity of the middle ages—all around them belongs to our more civilised and christian times. Where is the rack? where are the thumb-screws?—where the scaffold?—all—all have vanished, let us hope, for ever, and implements of peace and industry occupy the rooms that once were filled with implements of torture. It is true, swords and pistols, bayonets and muskets, still remain, but they are to be used in honourable warfare, not in midnight murder. Frown as ye will, then, gloomy walls,—threaten as ye may, dark cells, none who enter the Tower now need fear you; none pass through those heavy gates, prisoners to-day, to be corpses to-morrow;—the Tower is a garrison, not a prison!

Whether the Tower of London owes its foundation to Julius Caesar or to William the Conqueror, antiquaries have been unable to decide. William Fitzstephen, who wrote only a century after the Norman invasion, makes no allusion to its origin, but merely remarks that "the Palatine Tower, on the east of the city, is a fortress of great size and strength," the mortar which cements the walls "being tempered with the blood of beasts." Stukely, and some of the more enthusiastic of London's antiquaries, have attempted to show that the Romans were the founders of the Tower, but the accurate and matter-of-fact John Stowe, at once denounces these surmises as having "none assured ground," and therefore proceeds, on "more

grounded authority," to trace the history of the fortress to the time of the Norman Conqueror, who, in 1078, erected "the Great White Tower." His successors, William Rufus and Henry the First, added to the work, and in the reign of the latter monarch it was appropriated to the purposes of a state prison, the Bishop of Durham being the first prisoner who was confined there. In 1190, the Tower was surrounded by a ditch "and an outward wall of stone," when Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, defended it against John during the crusade and absence of Richard the First. From the time of Stephen till the reign of Charles the Second, the Tower was frequently used as a royal palace and a retreat for the monarch during any popular commotions.

To trace the history of the Tower from the period when it first became an edifice of importance—terrible importance, indeed—would be a task of too great magnitude to suit my present purpose; an outline of the more interesting events which render its name so famous is all that can be attempted. Neither would such a work be in strict accordance with the plan which has been laid down on entering upon these sketches. History tells us of kings who have been murdered, of prisoners who have been confined, of combats which have been fought, of charters which have been signed within the Tower; but it is in a few cases only that it points out the spot where these occurrences have taken place. The present notice has to do with the local, not the general history of the fortress, and in describing the more important of its relics which are left, it would be as improper as unnecessary to allude to such portions as are now no longer standing. Pass we, therefore, over the general history of the Tower to the particular history of its relics; and first, of the "great square White Tower," the most ancient and the most conspicuous building in the fortress. Stowe fixes the date of its erection in the year 1078, but in 1090 it was so "sore shaken by tempest of wind" as to require considerable repairs in the reigns of William the Second and Henry the First; and, with these repairs, it has been enabled to brave the attacks of time, and yet remains firm and untottering; the strongest though the oldest portion of the Tower. The ancient and magnificent Norman chapel within the White Tower is, perhaps, the most perfect of its chambers; it was first used as the private chapel of the Court in the thirteenth century, but has now been converted—perhaps the word *perverted* would be more appropriate—into a depository for legal records. Another very interesting relic in the White Tower is the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh—a small,

dark, and gloomy cell, in which he was confined for thirteen years; and where he wrote his 'History of the World.' From this room he was led forth to the scaffold, and thus was his miserable captivity terminated. On various parts of the walls of this Tower may still be discerned the inscriptions which the hapless captives traced; all bewailing their dismal fate, many expressive of the wildest despair, a few of the calmest resignation. Here, too, it was that the young princes, Edward the Fifth and his brother the Duke of York, are supposed to have been murdered by their uncle's orders—a supposition which the discovery of human bones behind the wall of the adjoining gateway, has tended much to strengthen.

The Beauchamp Tower has also fearful associations coupled with its name. It was first used as a prison in 1397. The rude inscriptions which literally cover the walls of this Tower, tell harrowing tales of misery, but of all the memorials which remain, none are so interesting, none suggest such melancholy reflections as the word "IANE," rudely carved upon the wall, most probably by the distracted husband of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, the most amiable and the most innocent captive that ever pined within the Tower. Pined, did I say? no! the pious Lady Jane repined not, but submitted cheerfully to her fate; her cultivated mind was capable of feeling and appreciating the consolations of religion, and she laid her head upon the block calmly and with resignation, beseeching forgiveness for her murderers. Poor Queen Jane! of all the legends which are connected with the Tower—dismal and gloomy as most of them are—there is none so interesting, so painfully interesting, as thine, Queen, indeed, of thy sex and pattern of womanhood! Long live thy memory in connexion with everything that is pious, amiable, and lovely; long live the memory of thy charity, thy piety, and thy beauty!

The Bloody Tower (ominous and dismal name that it is!) Corand's Tower, the Broad Arrow, and Robin the Devil's Towers, the Salt Tower and the Bell Tower, the Martin Tower, the Watergate and the Byward Towers, all have been prisons in their time; in each and all have the victims to jealousy, to revenge, to avarice, or to fear, lingered day by day, until they were brought to welcome even the painful death prepared for them.

The unhappy wife of the brutal Henry, the unfortunate but bigoted Mary, Queen of Scots, the "good Queen Bess" and her hapless Essex, have sighed within these dreary Towers, throwing into the shade the thousands of obscurer captives who have left their sad memorials upon the

walls. The mangled remains of many of these unhappy prisoners were buried as stealthily as they had been murdered, beneath the pavement of their cells, and the little chapel of St Peter contains the dust of many more.

The stoutest hearts have quailed, and the most buoyant spirits given way, as the heavy portcullis of the Traitor's Gate descended, an impassable barrier between them and liberty. Queen Anne Boleyn and Queen Jane—both were denied their rightful titles during their lifetime—passed through that dismal portal, never to return into the world; a brutal husband murdered the former, his sanguinary daughter, the latter; and the crowds of less celebrated prisoners who have been dragged up the same stone steps to captivity, torture, and to death, are unrecorded. But the fearful tragedies which are known, the dreadful histories which have been handed down, are sufficient to make us shudder as we read them, and to look upon the Tower as the most dismal, the most terrible, and yet the most interesting of London's relics.

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

### The Gathert.

*Charity Extraordinary.*—It has been stated in the papers that Mr Carpenter Smith, of Southwark, as reported, a benevolent gentleman, after buying an annuity of 500*l.* for himself, has resolved to devote the remainder of his property, about 200,000*l.*, to the building of forty almshouses, the inmates of which are to receive 12*s.* a week each. Supposing this statement to be strictly correct, after securing the endowment proposed, nearly 198,000*l.* will remain to be laid out in building, which ought to produce something rather handsome in the almshouse way!

*Steinle.*—The celebrated painter, Steinle, has just finished his designs for the frescos he is about to execute in the Cathedral of Cologne.

*Statesmanship.*—When the King of the Netherlands, in 1821, wished to make a difference between the duties paid by foreign ships (chiefly English) in the ports of Holland and those paid by his own subjects, he very gracefully accomplished his object by granting a bounty to the latter.

*Chinese Conjurers.*—Extraordinary ingenuity, in a work recently published, is ascribed to the Chinese jugglers. Two of them entered a company in the drawing room of a foreign resident at Canton. One handed to the other a large china basin. This, after a few flourishes above his head, and being turned upside down to convince

the spectators that it was empty, the exhibitor suddenly allowed to fall, but caught it before it reached the floor. This movement brought him into a position resting upon his heels, the basin being now hidden from view by the folds of his garments. In that attitude he remained for a few seconds, with hands extended, but in no way touching the basin. With a sudden spring he stood upright, and displayed to the astonished spectators the basin filled to the brim with pure clear water, and two gold fishes swimming in it.

*The Theodosian Code.*—The celebrated collection of edicts and rescripts known as the Code of Theodosius, contains those of sixteen Emperors, and dates from 312 to 438, thus extending over a hundred and twenty-six years. It opens with the first Christian Emperor.

*Paganini.*—The Bishop of Nice—so the continental journals inform us—has foolishly denied permission for the entrance of Paganini's remains into consecrated ground. The body, embalmed, is lying in state, in a house appropriated to the purpose, while the affair is under discussion at Rome.

*German Justice.*—In the olden time, he who killed another's dog was to hang the slain animal up by the tail, the nose just touching the ground, and then to cover him with wheat, so that not a hair could be seen; and the heap of wheat was the compensation due to the owner.

*The Cause of Earthquakes.*—The Edda, an ancient Icelandic record, ascribes earthquakes to the terrible Loki, the Satan of Scandinavian mythology; a similar power is attributed to the warlike movements of his son Yormungandar or Midgardsorm, the monstrous sea-serpent that girdles the world, and holds his tail in his mouth to make a sphere-encircling belt.

*Chateaux en Espagne.*—It was stated, at the late meeting of the proprietors of the Northern and Eastern Railway Company, that the following were the results of the traffic on the line as compared with the original estimates:—Ponder's End passenger traffic, estimated at 191*l*, produced only 48*l*. per week. Edmonton passenger traffic, estimated at 361*l*. per week, actually produced only 17*l*. 10*s*.

*No Little-go.*—The other week the Woodhouse bellman, Yorkshire, announced a raffle for a woman, at a shilling per head! —*Nottingham Review.*

*Miracles.*—The Rev. T. Foley, of Youghal, has published an account of a series of miracles now in operation at a convent in that town, which promise to equal the Alpine miracles witnessed and described by Lord Shrewsbury. He states that there is a young nun in the convent, a relative of his own, on whose hands, feet,

and side are depicted the wounds of the Saviour; and that at the communion blood is seen to flow from those apparent wounds. He adds that many witnesses will verify the miracle upon oath.—*Fudge.*

*Worms and Corrosive Sublimate.*—Mix one ounce of corrosive sublimate in forty gallons of water and sprinkle the liquid on the grass, and it will be found instantaneously most fatal to the reptiles whose destruction is necessary.

*Anecdote of Mr Canning.*—In January, 1826, Sir Charles Bagot, ambassador at the Hague, received, while attending the King's court, a despatch in cypher. He had not with him the key of the cypher, and he was in a state of great anxiety during the interval occupied in procuring it. The following is a literal copy of this important communication:

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch, is giving too little and asking too much:  
With equal advantage the French are content,  
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.  
Twenty per cent.,  
Twenty per cent.,  
Nous frapperous Falck with twenty per cent.  
GEORGE CANNING."

—A comedy from the pen of Martinez de la Rosa, formerly one of the Queen Regent's ministers, has been performed at Madrid with great applause. It is called 'The Spaniard in Venice.'

—Dr Bailey, who is now under sentence of transportation for life, and whose case exhibits the blackest depravity that ever sullied the name of a minister of religion, when Dr Dillon had committed himself, was most bitter against him and all who commiserated his distress. In his opinion those who attempted to comfort a fallen man were deeply culpable. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy."

—On Monday a Mr Gregory offered to act *Hamlet* at Covent Garden Theatre. Bills were posted in the principal streets, significantly addressed to "The Gentlemen of London," stating the new performer to be "Mr Gregory, the Editor of the 'Satirist.'" At night he was violently opposed. He was not listened to at all, and the play did not proceed beyond the second act.

ON SEEING A SERVICE OF PLATE PROPOSED TO BE GIVEN TO THE PURCHASER OF A NEWSPAPER!

The liberals who this plate prepare,  
Have very well their work begun;  
The ewer and tongs are wrought with care,  
The Spoons will all be nicely done.

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